POISON IVY™

6

WILSON
TAKARA
LEVEL
PRIANTO

MOMMY'S VERY ANGRY!

AGES 13+
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DC'S PAST—AND FUTURE—WILL NEVER BE THE SAME AGAIN!

THE NEW GOLDEN AGE

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A 48-page one-shot special

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DC

November

For as long as I can remember, my body hasn't felt like my own.

FIGHT IT.

It's been something for others to warp and experiment upon. To say they know better than I do what it can and can't take.

How?

YOU'RE STILL YOU.

YOU CAN DRAW ON STRENGTHS THAT HE DOESN'T KNOW YOU HAVE.

I want to believe that.

But right now, no matter how you look at it, the odds aren't great.

YOU NEVER LEARNED TO **EMBRACE** WHAT YOU **ARE** THE WAY I DID. **THAT** IS WHY YOU FAIL.

A **PLANT** WILL CONSUME **WHATEVER** FALLS INTO THE **DIRT.** IT HAS NO **FALSE MORALITY. NO COMPASSION.**

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POISON IVY

CHAPTER SIX.

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I try to take Subconscious Batman's advice. I use my strength. I fight with every muscle in my body.

But strength can mean a lot of different things.

STRENGTH ISN'T THE SAME AS FORCE. FORCE WON'T SOLVE THIS.

THEN WHAT WILL?

YOU KNOW HOW A TREE WILL GROW AROUND A BOULDER?

YEAH?

SAME IDEA.

WHO ARE YOU TALKING TO?

NOBODY. JUST BATMAN.

BATMAN? YOU THINK THIS IS SOME KIND OF JOKE?

N-no--

LET ME TELL YOU EXACTLY WHAT IS ABOUT TO HAPPEN, PAMELA.

I'M GOING TO **WATCH** YOU **SLIT** YOUR OWN **THROAT.**

THEN I'LL **DISSECT** YOUR **CORPSE.** I'LL CULTURE YOUR **BLOOD** TO UNDERSTAND HOW YOUR **BIOLOGY** HAS **ALTERED** THE **LAMIA COLONY.**

THEN I'LL **SELL** IT TO THE **HIGHEST BIDDER.**

THE WORLD WILL STAND IN **AWE** OF THE THINGS I HAVE **CREATED.**

UGH!

THIS **PLANET** IS TOO FAR GONE TO **SAVE,** PAMELA.

IT **NEEDS** A **REVOLUTION,** BUT ALL IT **WANTS** IS A **BAND-AID.**

SO WE MIGHT AS WELL MAKE **BILLIONS** SELLING **BAND-AIDS.**

I think, what's the point?

If he says it's over, it must be over.

This is as good a way to go out as any.

Hnngh--

At least it's fast.

Sometimes you simply have to accept that you've failed.

TSHK

Your enemy has won. And no one is coming to help.

AND THEN I'M GOING TO TRACK DOWN YOUR LITTLE BLONDE GIRLFRIEND.

--AND I'M GOING TO TURN HER INSIDE OUT.

NOT FOR ANY SCIENTIFIC PURPOSES. JUST BECAUSE I CAN.

But that's not what happened this time.

When he threatened you, I found a whole reservoir of rage I didn't even know I had.

A tree growing around a boulder.

The Batman who lives rent-free in my head was right.

I don't need to use force.

HUH?!

I can use the powers I do have to protect myself.

I can use the powers I do have to do quite a lot of things.

CRACK

YOU OF ALL PEOPLE SHOULD KNOW, JASON...

...WHEN HUMANS MANIPULATE NATURE, NOTHING THEY CREATE EVER REMAINS UNDER THEIR CONTROL.

WAIT-- STOP--

YOU'LL PULL THE ROOF DOWN ON OUR HEADS!

YOU FOOL! YOU'LL KILL US BOTH!

CRAAACK

SHOOM

SO BE IT.

Crushed bones.
Punctured lungs.
Twisted limbs.

Nngh--

Right away, I can tell this is it.

The last breaths of Dr. Jason Woodrue, the Floronic Man.

And perhaps of Dr. Pamela Isley.

WHY DO YOU WANT TO SAVE THIS PLANET?

WHEN WE COULD USE OUR KNOWLEDGE OF TECHNOLOGY AND BIOLOGY TO BECOME SUPERHUMAN? WHEN WE COULD COLONIZE THE STARS?

Why?

Because *this* is *home.*

Home.

The only home any of us will ever have. Because nobody without billions of dollars to burn is going anywhere.

And because-- after all-- we're not so bad.

We can still grow things. Gardens. Communities. Friendships. Against all odds.

I realize, here at the end of everything, that I've been fighting the wrong people.

Because it was easier. Easier than fighting the real enemies.

I KEEP MAKING THE ***SAME MISTAKES,*** JASON.

BECAUSE IT'S ***IMPOSSIBLE*** TO WATCH WHAT'S ***HAPPENING*** TO THE ***PLANET*** AND NOT BE ***FURIOUS.***

AND THEN ***PUNISH*** WHOEVER IS ***CONVENIENT*** INSTEAD OF WHOEVER IS ***RESPONSIBLE.***

BUT IF ***SOMEHOW*** I FIND A WAY TO GO ON ***LIVING--***

...I'M GOING TO MAKE THE ***DIFFICULT*** CHOICES.

SITTING HERE WITH ***YOU,*** I REALIZE I ***CAN*** GET TO THE ***REAL*** BAD GUYS. AND I ***WILL.***

ONE BY ONE, I WILL ***EAT THEM ALIVE.***

YOU EXPECT THESE PEOPLE... THESE ***FRIGHTENED,*** WEAK-WILLED, ***EXPENDABLE*** PEOPLE... TO ***THANK*** YOU?

YOU THINK THEY'LL ***EVER*** SEE YOU AS ***ANYTHING*** BUT A ***VILLAIN?***

I DON'T ***CARE*** HOW THEY ***FEEL*** ABOUT ***ME.***

WHEN THE ***HEROES*** WON'T ***ACT...***

...IT'S THE ***VILLAINS*** WHO MUST ***SAVE*** US.

YOU'RE... MAKING ANOTHER M-MISTAKE...

YOU WILL ONLY D-DELAY THE INEVITABLE...

...AND THEN... YOU WILL DIE UNMOURNED... LIKE ME...

He's dead. My maker. My tormentor.

It doesn't feel like I thought it would feel.

In this cycle of death and rebirth, nothing and no one is ever really gone.

The dead return to the earth to feed the living.

Woodrue had regenerative powers even greater than my own.

SQUISH

I feel myself fading. I can see only one way to survive this... and to ensure that Woodrue never returns.

And so, I do what I have to do.

People say eat the rich.

But nobody ever does it.

I'm just saying, maybe we should.

Just to see what happens.

I tell myself it's just food.

Just muscle and sap and the fruiting bodies of fungi.

And for the first time in years, I feel like I can relax.

gulp

Like there's nothing waiting for me in the dark.

I'm telling you this because I know you won't judge me for it.

Well, maybe you will. But you won't hate me for it.

And that's the important thing.

It takes a long time to get through it all.

Hnngh...

And by the end, the gash on my throat has healed, but the rest of me starts to feel a little queasy.

Ophiocordyceps lamia are incredibly toxic, after all.

And I've just eaten... a pretty substantial quantity.

Deep breaths.

Deep breaths.

I decide to try and walk it off.

But the toxin is building in my system.

YOU OKAY, LADY?

And I'm not sure I'm strong enough to fight it anymore.

For a bad guy, every victory is a Pyrrhic victory.

Even when you win, you still lose.

But I try anyway.

I try because I finally feel like I have things to live for.

The people I've met. The good things I've done.

You.

And the Green.

ARE YOU A *HUMAN* PERSON? OR SOME *OTHER* KIND OF PERSON?

Always the Green.

DO YOU NEED *THIS?*

YOU'RE *SHIVERING* LIKE YOU'RE *COLD.*

Th-THANKS.

I don't know why this particular kid isn't afraid of me.

But it doesn't matter.

It's what happens next that matters.

I don't know if it's the lamia toxin or the long days on the road or the people I've met along the way--

--but when I look at this child, I see more than just one individual.

We float in our own ecosystem of symbiotic bacteria.

We exhale and the trees inhale.

Billions of tiny organisms call our bodies home.

To the microscopic beings alive on his skin, this child is the entire universe.

...WE ARE THE GREEN.

We are **meant** to be here. We are **not** a **mistake.** And we can **still** pull it back from the **brink.**

I coax some of that **beautiful miasma** toward **myself.** That **nourisher** of **all life.**

I can feel the toxin begin to **dissipate.**

POP

POP

POP

I can feel myself **healing.** Not the **crude** healing I dug out of Woodrue's **corpse.** Something **greater.**

The Green has given me another **chance.**

THANKS, KID.

I **OWE** YOU. MORE THAN YOU ***KNOW.***

SO... YOU'RE ***NOT*** A MONSTER? I kinda thought you were a ***monster.***

Oh, I'M A ***MONSTER,*** ALL RIGHT.

BUT ***THIS*** MONSTER IS ON ***YOUR*** SIDE.

I hope these letters have reached you.

I hope you understand.

This is our last chance to save this planet from total destruction.

The Bat-people? Your new allies?

They're not going to save us from what's coming.

I'm not asking you to choose between us.

GOTHAM.

I'm just telling you I can't take their side.

But whatever happens, Harley--

--you've made me understand that we have to protect what is truly precious.

I love you. And only you. Until the end of the world. No matter what.

Always and forever,

Your Pammy.
xXX♡

HOLD ON, BABY.

I'M ON MY WAY.

What I'm trying to do now might sound **ambitious.**

ZKREEE

After all, **powers** or **no** powers, I'm only **one** person.

I can only hope that by **punishing** the people responsible for **killing** our **planet,** I can inspire **others** to **rise up** and do the **same.**

Because **evil** is **real.**

A NEW AGE DAWNS FOR HUMANKIND.

The time for **heroes** is **over.**

What we need **now** are **assassins.** Saboteurs. **Revolutionaries.**

People who are not **afraid** to **defend** what is **left** of the **Earth.**

With **violence** when necessary.

Justice is not coming.

But **retribution** may still be **within reach.**

I'm **confident** we can find a **way.**

NEXT: A NEW CHAPTER BEGINS.

OUT OF THE SHADOWS OF THE DC UNIVERSE...
MEET THE CRISIS AVERSION TACTICAL SQUAD!

WILDCATS

FROM
THE PAGES
OF *BATMAN*!

Written by
MATTHEW ROSENBERG

Art by
STEPHEN SEGOVIA

The WildC.A.T.s
are back monthly
starting in
NOVEMBER

Don't miss the
Wildstorm 30th Anniversary Special, also out in November!

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DC NATION SPOTLIGHT ON

'90s REWIND

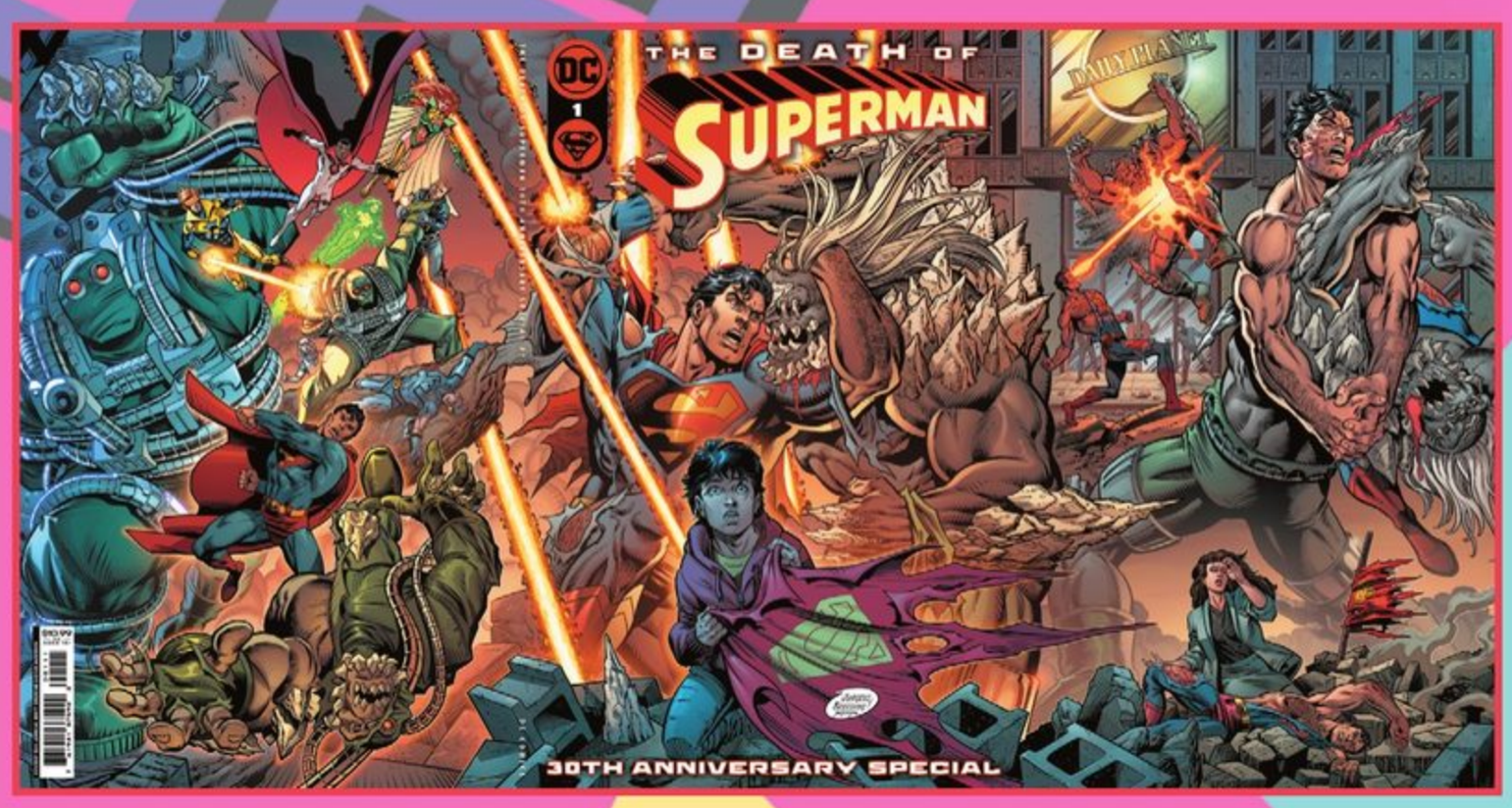
Whazzzzup! All November, DC gives props to a totally radical decade with '90s Rewind variant covers and some very special new projects that have roots in the decade that brought us grunge music, frosted tips, and electric Superman. Miss these comics? As if!

'90s REWIND VARIANT COVERS

Throughout November, keep an eye out for 19 different '90s Rewind variant covers celebrating one of the most colorful decades in DC history—complete with retro logos! Of course, it wouldn't be the '90s without some truly off-the-chain cover treatments, and we have you covered, as select '90s variants will be foil covers with multi-level emboss.

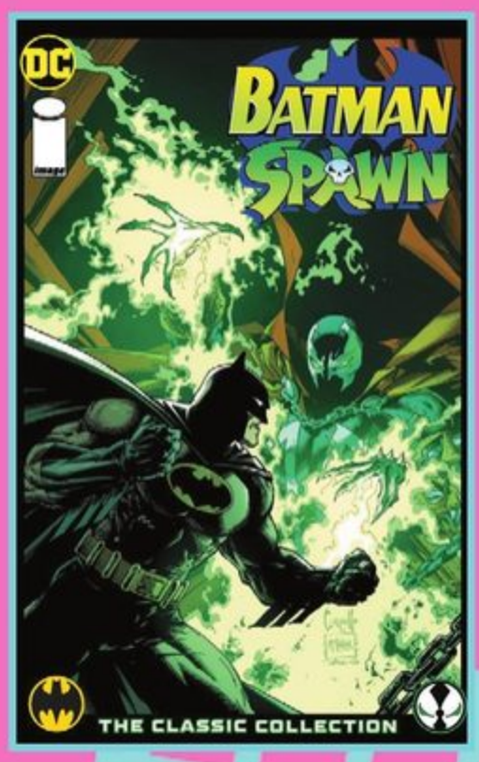
THE DEATH OF SUPERMAN 30TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

Three decades ago, Doomsday killed Superman in one of the most historic moments in comic book history. Now the original creative teams reunite for a special oversize issue featuring four all-new stories, including the introduction of... Doombreaker! Plus, don't miss *The Death of Superman 30th Anniversary Deluxe Edition* hardcover, on sale in December.



BATMAN/SPAWN: THE CLASSIC COLLECTION

Before the brand-new, all-awesome *Batman/Spawn* one-shot arrives in comics shops this December, the two original '90s stories pairing the Dark Knight and Todd McFarlane's iconic antihero—*Batman/Spawn: War Devil* and *Spawn/Batman*—are back in print in one hardcover volume!



WILDSTORM 30TH ANNIVERSARY SPECIAL

In 1992, Jim Lee changed comics history with the founding of WildStorm Productions, and this 100-page one-shot celebrates the legacy of the imprint, with key reprints and new stories charting the future of WildStorm characters in the DC Universe! Speaking of which, November also sees the reimagined *WildC.A.T.s* #1 and DC Black Label's *Waller vs. WildStorm* #1!

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SON OF ULTRON

"THIS FAN... THIS MONSTER!"